Those Who Carried On

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Inside their little world,
They tried to be understood
But all that came of it was a mess
So sort it out in conversations
Devout apparitions
Would say they're horrid nonetheless

Once more, their heads are caving in
There's a window that jarred on their conscience
Once more, they've left remembering
To the people who picked up their arms and legs
And carried on

They pulled apart their own ego at the seams,
And spilled their organs everywhere
Caught in polarized degrees
They may decay again, so beware
These are people too backwards to die out
They may never escape from the rise, now
They may never come back

Crumbling still,
Their little world rebuilt
What couldn't be endured
Now, there's nothing left to go to waste
So sort it out with new perspectives
Reused and defective,
They challenged odds face-to-face

Once more, their head had caved in
And the past lingered nearby a locked door
Once more, they had revisited
Something over and over and over again
And carried on

So after all these years,
They remained a form of art
'cus they had problems from the start
Though they acted on a dare
There's nothing stopping them, so beware
These are people too fearless to die out
Though they'll never escape from the rise,
Now...
You'd say that things have improved...
Right?
You'd say that things have improved?
Right?